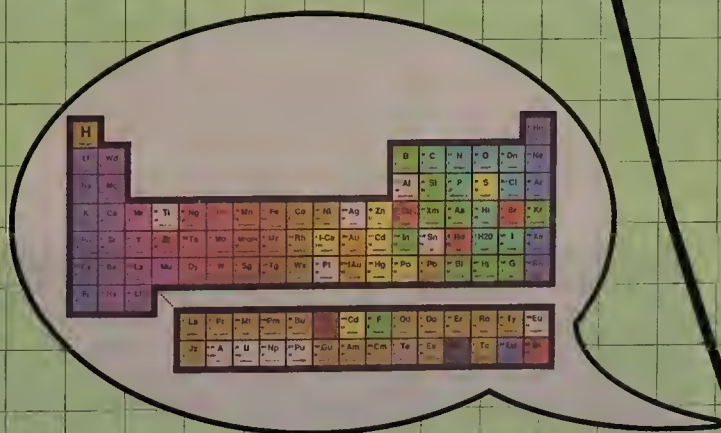
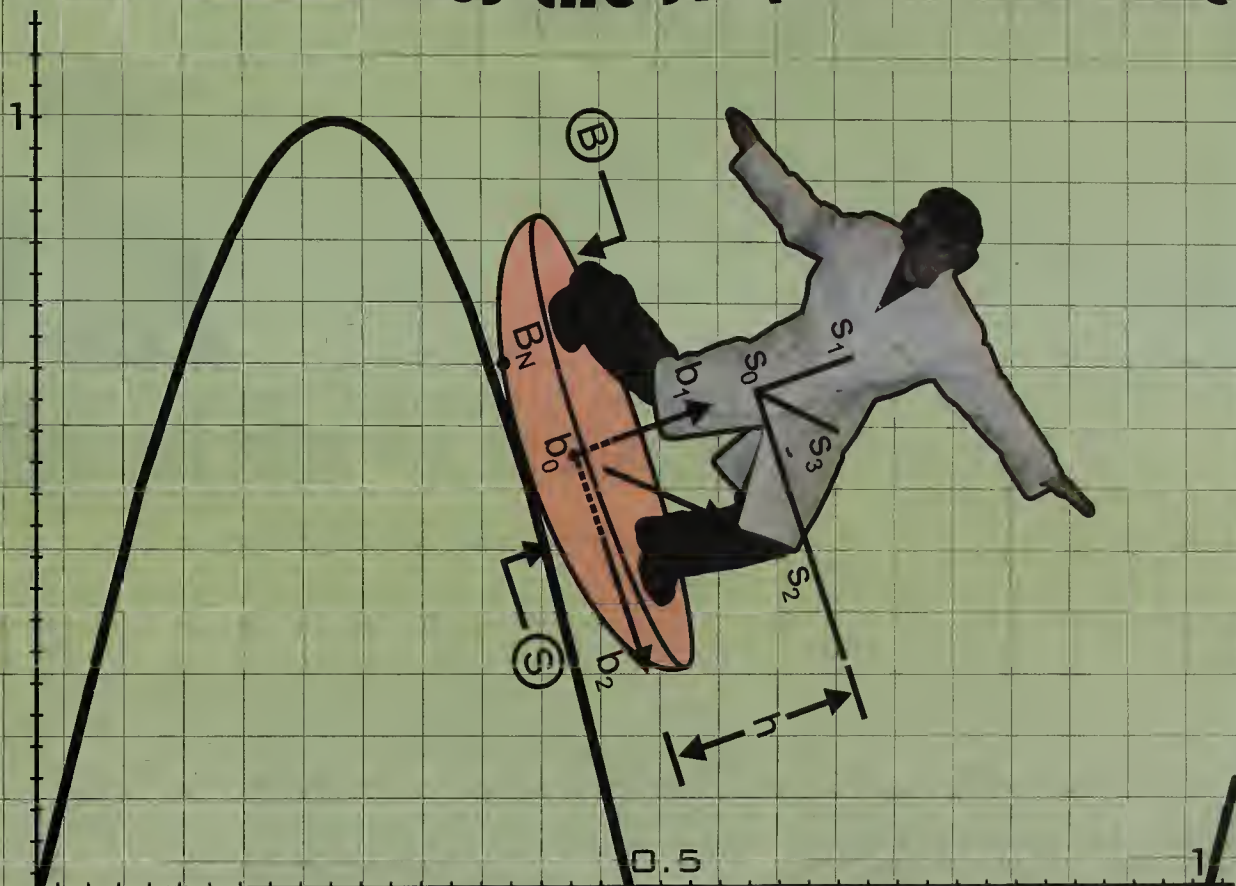


The Toike Oike

...rides the $\sin(\theta)$ ence wave!



The Toike Oike

The University of Toronto's Humour Newspaper Since 1911

Volume XCIX — Issue VII— March 2006

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SPECIAL THANKS

Nick Loberto - for your crazy sharp wit whenever I'm in trouble
Evan Cameron - I know where you live...
Mikey C - for endless inspiration and laughs
Pearl - for being super awesome as always...

COLOPHON

So, what did the Toike say when it walked into the bar? "Ouch". Bahh dum PISH! The Toike Oike is produced using a computer. The body copy is set in Georgia. True story.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a covert organization committed to the proliferation of humour at the University of Toronto. It is our mandate to insist that your education is NOT about your career so much as it is about shaping your outlook on life to come. So lighten up, sit back and have an iced tea (even if it's cold outside). Our ranks are filled with zealous revolutionaries from both Engineering and Arts & Science. Viva la revolution!

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra left-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper do not necessarily reflect those of the Engineering Society or the University of Toronto. In fact, they don't even necessarily reflect the opinions of the writers. If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of crackhead lawyers ready to bring the pain. Sucka.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
students'administrativecouncil

EDITORIAL

Rhyming Time!!

Mei	truck	ass	shutter...flies...
pay	suck	bum!	...
gay	sex	numb	Mei Ling
way	pecks	tum	mailing
say	necks	dumb	bing
hay	shoulders	hum	ding
bay	boulders	drum	bling
nay	colders?	strum	cheese
ray	folders!	thumb	string
stray	...	come	thing
lay	bat	cum	fling
sex	rat	sex	bring
rex	hat	rex	sing
tex	mat	tex	zing
mex	pat	mex	
Fedex	sat	Fedex	
decks	fat	decks	Try it yourself!
cheques	cat	checks (the other one)	
hex	stat	wrecks	
voodoo	scat	annex	
nm...	shat	complex	
fuck	spat	perplex	
duck	gnat	perplexed	
luck	...uhhh...	Quebec's	
puck		dissects	
muck		insects	
schmuck		butterflies	

-Mei Ling Chen
Editor-in-Chief



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Jim Warnock
To: toike@skule.ca
Date: Feb 12, 2006 11:04 PM
Subject: Red Lion

For the attention of Mei ling Chen, Editor of the Toike Oike

Hello Mei ling.....

I am a 1966 Alumnus of Mech Eng with a story to tell. I was a member of the LGMB from 62 to 66 and of the Brute Force Committee the same...John Q Adam and I are great pals.

I am attaching a missive which I delivered to the Red Lion Wednesday, February 8thit was extremely well received! Check out the attachment....

Cheers!.....Jim Warnock

Thanks Jim!

For the interest of our readers the edited attachment is printed below:

To Present Proprietors of the "Red Lion":

In the Fall of 1965 a group of engineering students from UofT, who frequently visited your establishment, decided (as was normal for engineering

students) that a major HEIST had presented itself and that was to remove the 16" high statue of the "Red Lion" from it's (locked) Plexiglas case sitting on a 42" high podium in the main entrance foyer of the Red Lion Pub. Needless to say, hours went into the planning of a strategy.

It had to be done during peak operating hours (around 10:00 pm) on a busy Saturday evening (this requirement simply made the job more difficult and therefore more challenging)

One of our group members was an expert in picking locks ...that being done we lifted the case and spirited the statue into the night.

For the next year it was prominently displayed in the offices of the student run Engineering Society. This undoubtedly increased attendance at the Red Lion as the management of the day left the case empty and posted a reward of \$100 for the safe return of this historical artifact. It was never returned. In fact when the perpetrators of this crime graduated the following year it was bestowed upon one

of the members of the heist team.....and forgotten.

When I purchased my first home in 1973 it was presented to me as a "house warming gift"....I displayed it proudly until my wife banished it to a box in the basement....there it sat...until our move in 1981 to Oak Ridges. There it also sat until our move recently when it was discovered.

I called your establishment (delighted to hear that the "Red Lion" still existed) and spoke to John who thought it was a great story. After 41 years I now wish to return this symbol of your corporate existence. I've washed the dear fellow but have not touched up the inevitable chips and scratches. (Remember when the Stanley Cup was stolen and found in a river bank ? well this is not quite as dramatic except the passage of years makes it special)

I'm glad to be able to return this artifact after so many years!

JW
January 2006

WRITE FOR THE TOIKE OIKE!

WE HAVE COOKIES!

COOKIES OF LOVE AND KINDNESS...

CONTENT MEETING: SATURDAY, MAR. 4. 2:30PM, SF ATRIUM

QUESTIONS? EMAIL TOIKE@SKULE.CA

NEWS BRIEFS

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA-TURTLES' ABSENCE DIRECTLY RELATED TO RISE IN GUN VIOLENCE

Torontonians are aware of the problem of gun-related violence. What they are unaware of is the awesome existence of man-sized teenaged turtles trained to fight for the public good in the deadly Japanese ninja art of unarmed combat.

Says Metro Police Inspector Todd Eaton, "Twenty years ago, the Turtles never would have stood for their town being used as a shooting range. Hell, they ate up Shredder and his gang of juvenile delinquents faster than a pepperoni and cheese. But today what can they do? People just don't believe."

By the late 1990s, the Turtles' novelty wore off and the people felt they could do without them. But with armed menaces to public safety at every turn today, their help is needed more than ever. Blessed with the confidence of youth, the fighting skills of a ninja, a memorable famous Italian name, and the kick-ass appearance of a turtle, the four Turtles are still unstoppable crime-fighting heroes. Maybe...one day...if the public would only learn to believe again...they may emerge from the sewers and save our city.

CUSTOMER DISAPPOINTED, FRUSTRATED WITH MOTOROLA RAZR

Henry Pickington of Scarborough, a 72-year-old retired machinist, found out the hard way that there is little truth in advertising.

"I heard all the young people talking about how great this new Razr thing is, so I went out and got one myself. Two hundred bucks, I thought it'd be the greatest thing to touch my face since Lucille Ball spat at me in '62, but it was a load of crap. At first I thought it was one of those newfangled electric ones, but when I tried to get it to work it would do anything but shave - I think it took a picture of the toilet. So then I figured all those buttons were just to amuse the kids, and that it was actually some fancy sort of blade. So I lathered up and wet the Razr nicely - damn thing started shooting sparks, and then melted a little. So I took this piece of junk back to the store but they just laughed at me, those punks. I'm gonna get back at them, you'll see, I'll get all of them, I'll get you too if you keep snickering like that ya little prick, ya think just cuz I got a bum knee I can't run? I'll kill you!"

Motorola did not respond to a request for comments.

EXISTENTIAL DILEMMA CAUSES WIKIPEDIA SERVER TO EXPLODE

Students seeking data to plagiarize for their essays, labs, and one-act plays were sorely disappointed this week to find that Wikipedia was no longer up and running. The online encyclopedia had become infamous as the lackadaisical student's one-stop, no-charge destination for any topic under the sun. That is, until this week when Norman Frobe, a first-year fashion-marketing major entered "wikipedia" into Wikipedia's search query. Faced with the yawning philosophical implications of defining its own identity in an otherwise cruel and meaningless world, the public server immediately exploded.

Four bystanders were killed; thankfully all were IT techies and missed by no-one. Their bodies were buried in a shallow, unmarked grave.

What the World Needs Now is More Timbits

TIM HORTONS EXPECTED TO END WAR IN IRAQ

In a landmark study conducted by Concordia University's sociology department, the sentence "I brought Timbits" is the most powerful statement in modern English. In Prof. Julia Glenn's study which concluded last fall, she notes that the results indicate that "bits of Tim" were a more powerful bargaining tool than "I've got nuclear weapons," "Will you marry me," and "Don't go in there, I just farted." For changing people's opinions, nothing seems to work better.

Since Glenn's findings in 2005, many studies have gone out to discover why this is such a loaded statement. Human biologist, B. Irene Tatem-Stoppis, did a follow-up study at York University which confirmed the findings of Glenn and offered new insight. "We taped everything that was going on in their bodies," she says. "We had their heart rate, their sex drive, their taste buds. We knew if they were fantasizing about their dog or thinking of their dry-cleaning."

And the conclusions? "Timbits could probably prevent a war. The USA doesn't have nearly as many Tim Hortons and they're fighting a war. Therefore, the findings are conclusive."



Timbits in the wild: on another mission to make peace

Subjects were required to be monitored as soon as they entered and while they were waiting in a room by themselves. "Sometimes, we'd let them wait up to an hour without telling them what was going on. If they came out of the room, we would scold them for leaving. They would get more and more upset, but in the end, when the researcher came in with Timbits, we didn't have one confrontation the entire study."

Researchers at the University of Calgary are now seeing how far these findings can go to solving the world's problems. What is the relative weight of the 10-Bit pack vs the 20-Bit? How bad would you have to be to need a family pack? Or to break down and buy a dozen donuts?

"I don't want to jinx our study," says Stephen Holmes at U of C, "but it looks like you can get away with almost anything."

Tim Hortons is the key to harmony in every circumstance."

Their findings are showing that even if you kill someone, "or sleep with your brother's wife," Holmes adds, a Tim Hortons franchise is a remarkably suitable gift. "It represents Timbits until the end of time."

Tim Hortons' stock is expected to rise after the United States establishes two franchises in war-torn Iraq for the people who have just lived through the war. "This probably would have prevented World War II if a couple of these had been set up in Germany. And inflation was kept to a minimum..." says Holmes. "Saddam might be fine if he reads our study."

A press release from the President's Office says that no amount of Timbits will be enough to get Saddam off of death row.

"I wouldn't bet on it," says Holmes who stands between his new wife/former sister-in-law and his brother. What a happy family.

- Lena Schuck

Jesus Saves

...but life is read-only



Discovering the Good Old Days

When talking to your grandparents, they might make reference to "the good old days." This is usually followed by something like "when people worked hard," "when children respected their elders," or most likely "before you were born." You roll your eyes and humour them, but do you ever stop to think about what these "good old days" are?

Far from just another expression, as you may have assumed, "the good old days" refers to an actual period in time, just like "the Middle Ages" and "the Stone Age." But just what period does "the good old days" refer to?

If you go by what your grandparents tell you, "the good old days" were a golden age of hard work and simple living. Families went to church together every Sunday. You were best friends with your neighbours. Children played outside, did their chores, and never cursed. The President was an honest and sincere man. Life was good.

Sounds like some old black-and-white television show, doesn't it? The way your grandparents tell it, they conjure images of families growing up in the 40's. But were those really good old days? With the 40's came the Second World War. Before that was the Depression. Those were definitely not good old

days. Let's go back further. Say... mid-19th century.

Well, they didn't have TV or the Internet, so it couldn't have been that good. Plus Canada didn't technically exist and political turmoil is no good. The 18th century isn't that much better due to the lack of proper hygiene.

This brings us to the Renaissance, a period known for the revival of fine art, literature, architecture, music, and learning. Surely such an important period in mankind's history could be the true "good old days," right? Ha! Have you seen what they wore back then? Clearly no fashion sense.

As you go further back in time, things don't look much better. You've got plagues, barbarian invasions, an ice age, amoebas; it's really not all that good. Go back about 5 billion years and the Earth isn't even around. So I'm pretty sure "the good old days" never actually happened. And if they did, clearly they weren't good enough for anyone to remember when they happened. Might as well just call them "the pretty decent but apparently pretty mediocre old days."

- Sean Hockin

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Qualifiers #3 Saturday March 4 - 5pm	Qualifiers #4 Saturday March 18 - 5pm
Qualifiers #5 Friday March 10 - 5pm	Qualifiers #6 Friday March 24 - 5pm
Qualifiers #7 Saturday March 11 - 5pm	Qualifiers #8 Saturday March 25 - 5pm

GRAND FINALE FINAL TABLE SATURDAY APRIL 1, 5pm
For more details & registration visit: www.PokerRoom.com/STUDENT

YOU CAN BET THERE WILL BE A FULL HOUSE SO REGISTER TODAY!

Science Admits It Made Integration Up

The worlds of science and mathematics were sent into turmoil yesterday, with the shock revelation that Integration had been made up by science over a century ago.

"I never meant any harm," confessed the abstract concept of science, which spontaneously materialized to call a press conference. "You have to understand the level of competition back then, the types of pressure I was under. Differentiation was a huge success, and all eyes were on me to come up with another mathematical hit."

"Sure, it started off easy enough," Science continued, adjusting its extremely thick glasses, "I just thought 'Let's do differentiation backwards!' For a couple of weeks everything was fine, we just reversed the rules we had, but

then things started to get ugly. Substitutions, patchwork rearrangements - I thought for sure people would catch on when we brought out integration by parts, but they just took it!"

After that the downhill slide was quick. "Once we realised that people weren't checking this stuff, we stopped caring. We made huge tables of integrals knowing people would just take our word for it. Towards the end, whenever we were stuck we'd just set it equal to pi. Or square root of pi, that was a good one!"

"I'm really very sorry," concluded Science, "I only hope I can make it up to all those people who have been hurt by integration over the years."

- Luke McKinney

Toike Zen and Other Teachings

1. What is the sound of your head smashing into the ground?
2. What are the erotic screams you hear from outside your girlfriend's apartment when you take a day off to surprise her?
3. A falling skyscraper is not the best tool to be used as a sundial, especially if you are inside it.
4. Love is like a gorgeous and rare flower; it dies.
5. If a jackhammer falls out of the sky, hits you in the head and knocks you into a coma, does that mean God doesn't like you?
6. Suffering a stroke and a massive coronary failure simultaneously during orgasm simply blows.
7. He who runs into incoming fire could be called courageous. I prefer bullet sponge.
8. Art is dying! Don't believe me? See Yoko Ono's show and cry.
9. "Royalty" is a romantic word for "inbreeding."

THINGS SPIDERMAN WOULD DO IF HIS UNCLE DIDN'T GIVE HIM THAT SPEECH ABOUT RESPONSIBILITY

1. CAUSE PANIC WITH BI-WEEKLY SUICIDE ATTEMPTS FROM THE TOP OF THE DAILY BUGLE
2. DECORATE PEOPLE'S HOUSES FOR HALLOWE'EN...THEN ROB THEM
3. TAKE PICTURES OF NAKED CHICKS FROM HIGH RISES
4. TAKE PICTURES OF CHICKS, NAKED, FROM HIGH RISES
5. LEAD THE NBA IN BLOCKS
6. GET REVENGE ON EVERYONE FROM HIGH SCHOOL
7. DRIVE WITH A BABY ON HIS LAP
8. RAISE MONEY FOR PRO-CHOICE ORGANIZATIONS...THEN ROB THEM
9. WIN 1ST PLACE IN EVERY COMIC BOOK CONVENTION COSTUME CONTEST
10. NOT RETURN LIBRARY BOOKS ON TIME

SKULEBOOK

Buy yours.

Engineering Stores - \$25
(SF Basement)

Prices go up after Friday March 3

Exposé: Interview with a Magic Eight-Ball

UNCOVERING A WEB OF LIES AND DECEIT

The "Magic Eight-Ball," a prophetic toy marketed by Mottel, has become America's favourite plastic oracle. In the past week, however, the shiny black seer has come under allegations of fraud, deceit, and blackmail. The Toike Oike had the exclusive chance to talk to this seeing sphere about its take on the occultations.

O Magic Eight-Ball, must I write this article now?

• YES DEFINITELY
Damn. I'm so stoned. What was in that shit?

• YOU MAY RELY ON IT
Right. Will this Toike be a "science-y Toike?"

• OUTLOOK GOOD
Will this article be "science-y?"

• OUTLOOK BAD
Will this article be coherent?

• OUTLOOK WISHY-WASHY
Will this article make sense to organisms more highly evolved than bacteria, certain fungi, and MTV personalities?

• DON'T COUNT ON IT
Will this article make sense to organisms more high than me?

• WITHOUT A DOUBT
Bitchin'.

• MOST LIKELY
That wasn't a question.

• REPLY HAZY, TRY AGAIN
Will do.

• VERY DOUBTFUL
O Magic Eight-Ball, do I have the munchies, or is a ferret feasting on my intestines?

• MY SOURCES SAY YES
Sources? What sources? You meet people by giving them false hopes about the future. You don't talk in sentences.

You don't even communicate ideas. All you say is "yes," "no," and "I don't care."

You're a joke. You don't have any sources. You probably don't have any friends. Do you have any friends, Magic Eight-

Ball?

• AS I SEE IT YES

As you see it! Those aren't real friends. They're just using you. And what the hell kind of sources did you think you were meeting? Do you know what kind of people research individuals' personal lives?

• MY SOURCES SAY NO
You don't have any sources, Magic-Eight ball. You know it's an academic offence to make up sources.

• YES
You're a joke. I'm laughing at you, Magic Eight-Ball, did you know that?

• MY REPLY IS NO
Well, I am. And it's probably because I just finished smoking half of Mexico.

• IT IS CERTAIN
Yeah.

• BETTER NOT TELL YOU NOW
Tell me what?

• MY SOURCES SAY NO
You don't have sources, MEB. Can I call you MEB?

• ASK AGAIN LATER
Whatever, man.

• AS I SEE IT YES
You can't see, Magic Eight-Ball, you don't have eyes. You can't even metaphorically see. You need to be sentient for that. Right now, only humans are sentient, although we're unsure about Lindsay Lohan.

• OUTLOOK NOT SO GOOD
Yeah, I thought so too. Hey - we should smoke another reefer and rob a liquor store.

• IT IS DECIDEDLY SO
That's the spirit.

• MOST LIKELY
No, I'm sure that is the spirit.

• VERY DOUBTFUL
You just don't get it, do you?

• MY SOURCES SAY NO
Yeah, they're pretty stupid too.

• IT IS DECIDEDLY SO
That's the spirit!

• CANNOT PREDICT NOW

Forget it. I'll get my gmm, you light up this joint.

• DON'T COUNT ON IT
Is it that you don't blaze, or that you don't have motor and locomotive abilities?

• REPLY HAZY, TRY AGAIN
O Magic Eight-Ball, do you smoke marijuana?

• CONCENTRATE AND ASK AGAIN
O Magic Eight-Ball, do you engage in the illicit ingestion of the narcotic product of the cannabis plant?

• ASK AGAIN LATER
Whate-aw shit, I just shot my foot!

• OUTLOOK NOT SO GOOD
I know the outlook isn't so good, that's usually the case for bullet wounds.

• MY SOURCES SAY NO
Trust me, MEB, in your world of over-generalized prophetic responses, bullet wounds definitely classify as "no." Not a "yes." Not an "I don't care." A "no."

Now call 911. I can't dress wounds for shit right now.

• MY SOURCES SAY NO
Fuck your sources, man, I'm bleeding here.

• CONCENTRATE AND ASK AGAIN
I can't concentrate, MEB. My foot is shot. Do you understand? I have been percussed with a high-speed projectile in one of the lower extremities of my body. I need you to call for help.

• ASK AGAIN LATER
Not later, MEB. Now. Please now.

• YOU MAY RELY ON IT
Thank god.

• YES DEFINITELY

- Evan Jones



How to Prepare for the New Robocracy

PRESENTED BY
PUBLIC RELATIONS-BOT R54

initial. For example, a thirty year old carpenter name John Smith would now be, Carpenter-bot J76. It's so simple, even an inferior Retard-bot A86 could figure it out.

Try to dress in a manner that will make the Robot rulers more comfortable

This is a key step in welcoming the Binary Party. While the soon to be mandatory ankle shackles are on back order, humans should try their best to dress like a robot. Wrapping oneself in tin foil and attaching a few Christmas lights is sure to impress one's future masters and may even result in a quicker, less painful death at the end of the term, should the Binary Party not win re-election.

Get the brain implant and bionie heart upgrade before it becomes mandatory

This one is more for the benefit of the average citizen. Why postpone the inevitable and wait for Bill 01001101 0110110 to pass through the House and then be forced to wait in long lines to get the upgrades and implants when one can do it now and be out in an hour? Check your logic file, it just makes sense. If you make the effort in submitting to the will of the Robots now, then eventually it will become habit and there

won't be any unwanted confrontations in the future.

Discard any robot themed novelty or household items

If your offspring has either a Robosapien or one of those robot dogs, please get rid of them before Inspection-bot Xo6 makes his way to your home for inspections. Compliance will surely reduce any potential human-induced automatron-related injuries.

Finally, it's probably best if you stop assembling freely with other humans

Nobody needs a robo/human conflict on their hands, so if you all could just refrain from gathering and discussing politics, nobody will have to get clamped.

If you just make these simple changes in your life, the transition to Robocracy will be as smooth as Baby-bot Lo5's bottom. Emperor 01001011101010101 appreciates your support as we usher in a new era of governance and robot equality.

- Aaron Peever

Lesser Known March Holidays

Everyone is familiar with at least a couple of the major March holidays. But how many of you knew to celebrate...

March 2: Ass Thursday (Roman Catholic)

In 2006 Ash Wednesday falls on March 1; a day of fasting and abstinence for all Catholicism's faithful. Less-widely known is Ass Thursday, the day of hedonistic excess which follows Ash Wednesday. This is the day when a good Catholic can sit on their ass and indulge themselves with whatever they'd been craving the day before, whether it be a stripper or a steak.

March 13: Puree (Scientology)

While many faithful Hebrews are celebrating Purim: the commemoration of the deliverance of the Persian Jews from the plot of the evil Haman to destroy them, faithful Scientologists celebrate Puree: the commemoration of L. Ron Hubbard surviving a case of food poisoning he got from a pureed lamb and vegetable dish he had in a Lebanese restaurant in 1974. On this day Scientologists must reflect on the miraculous deliverance of their Messiah from harm and refrain from eating Lebanese food or pureed dishes of any kind.

March 18: St. John Hengnuber of Hanover Day (N. Ireland, Rep. of Ireland, Canada, USA)

Much less known than its famous brother the-day-before, St. Paddy's Day, this holiday named after an alcoholic, 12th

century German Saint. Hengnuber has come to commemorate bangovers around the world. Indeed, the word "hangover" comes to us from both John's surname and his hometown of Hanover, where he became famous as a gifted preacher and theological thinker...between drinking binges.

March 26: Step-mother's day (Canada, UK)



This Sunday reflect upon those mothers who were kind enough to adopt a child or marry some deadbeat another woman couldn't stand. Pretending to love some kid who doesn't even share your DNA is no picnic, so the least these women deserve is a card or some chocolates...as if crap from Shopper's Drug Mart is gonna make up for years of having to nurture some whiny brat some other bitch plopped out into the world. If you yourself were the child of a step-mother, think of how much she gave to you in your childhood (and try to forget any black-eyes).

- James Nairne

How to recognize Irish people on St. Patrick's Day

THE RANT OF A TRUE IRISHMAN

Pretty soon St. Patrick's Day will be upon us again, that wonderful holiday that celebrates the patron saint of Ireland, St. Alcohol, and when the entire world decides they feel a bit Gaelic. Nobody wants to be Irish on Economy Day, or perhaps Job Market Day, but once a year suddenly everyone who ever so much as looked at a shamrock is claiming Irish heritage.

With so many people trying to be Celtic, it can be hard to tell the real sons of Eire from the fakers, so I've written these points so that you can recognize me and my fellow Irishmen on the day and buy us a drink.

No Green Beer

If you see someone drinking anything green, they're not Irish. St. Patrick's Day is a day for proper, real, honest-to-liver-damage drinking - not pissing about with slop that someone threw together with a My First Chemistry Set. We don't drink green shit any other day of the year, there are very good reasons for that, and we're not going to ignore them because of the date.

Not dressed in green

We're Irish, we're confident in the fact, and we don't feel the need to wrap ourselves in green just to broadcast the news to the world. If we see anyone in a green shamrock-y shirt with

emerald boots, they're not Irish, and if you see someone wearing one of those green felt hats with fake red wig hair, go ahead and punch them in the face, because I can guarantee you they are a prick.

Don't care about their relatives

Every St. Patrick's day, people tell me "Oh yes, my grandmother was born in Ireland." To which I say "Congratulations, your grandmother is Irish, and if she comes in I'll buy her a pint." But guess what? If you were born in Canada, to Canadian parents, and have lived your whole life in Canada, then you're not exactly Dutch, are you?

You don't have to be Irish to enjoy St. Patrick's Day. We don't really care, and neither should you. The

real Irish spirit of the day is grabbing the least excuse to go to the pub. I'll be there - the guy with the actual Irish accent, not wearing green, and drinking Guinness.

- Luke McKinney



Skule Nite OT6

March 15 to 18 - Hart House Theatre

"The funniest show of the engineering theatrical season."

"Fewer puns than ever before."

"More amusing than revolting."

"Coordinated dancing without the cats."



Technophiles

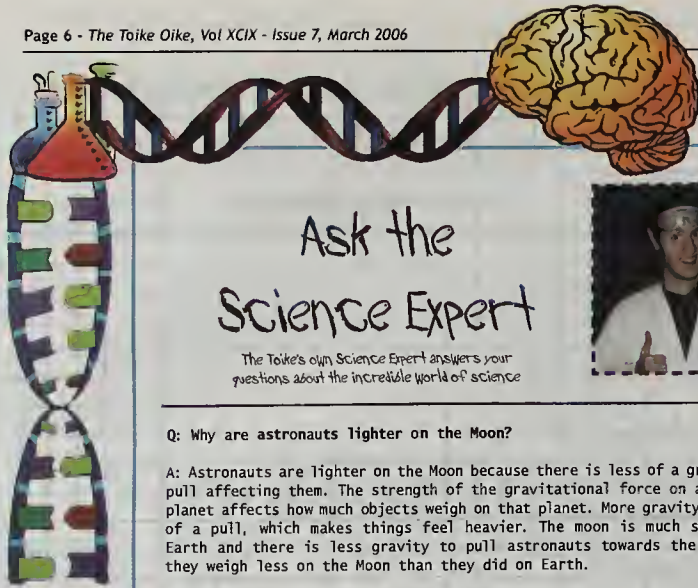
Surf the internet to **UofTtix.ca** and buy tickets for dirt cheap. We don't want to cause a panic, but they're selling out faster than 56kbps dial-up.

Other People

Buy your tickets at the UofTtix box office in the hall by the Arbor Room in Hart House. For walking outside, you'll save the \$1 web order fee.

F!rosh

Pick up your free ticket at the UofTtix box office. There are limited quantities available, so pick yours up soon.



Ask the Science Expert

The Toike's own Science Expert answers your questions about the incredible world of science

Q: Why are astronauts lighter on the Moon?

A: Astronauts are lighter on the Moon because there is less of a gravitational pull affecting them. The strength of the gravitational force on a particular planet affects how much objects weigh on that planet. More gravity means more of a pull, which makes things feel heavier. The moon is much smaller than Earth and there is less gravity to pull astronauts towards the ground, so they weigh less on the Moon than they did on Earth.

Q: Why shouldn't I drink rubbing alcohol?

A: Don't let the name fool you. Rubbing alcohol isn't quite the same as the alcohol in your typical vodka cooler. Rubbing alcohol is iso-propanol, which isn't safe for drinking. The alcohol in your average booze, like this bottle glass of Jack Daniels here, is ethanol, which is safe for consumption. *gulp* Aaaaah, that's good ethanol.

Q: Why do vinegar and baking soda fizz up like crazy when mixed together?

A: When you mix vinegar (an acid) and baking soda (a base), the two react together in a typical acid-base neutralization reaction. *gulp* This reaction causes the mixture to fizz a lot. Kind of like how this Jack Daniels is fizzing in my stomach right now. *gulp* Aaaaah, that's good vinegar. Haha, I mean ethanol. Booze. Whatever.

Q: Why is the sky blue?

A: What? Don't you kids ask this question enough?? *gulp* How am I supposed to know? I'm not some kind of science expert or anything!! *gulp* Why don't YOU answer the questions for once, HUH?? *gulp, gulp, gulp* Jack says the sky's blue cause you're all a bunch of little TURDS!!

Breaking News in the World of Science

Tom Cruise: Holy Pontiff of Scientology

Hollywood A-list star - and constant public reminder of the powers and limitations of an 87 IQ - Tom Cruise was today proclaimed by the Holy Interstellar Council of Cardinals the God of Scientology's visible head of the church upon earth. The religion, which was originally devised as a money-laundering scheme by an out-of-work science fiction author in the late-1950s, has today evolved into a vast enterprise that generates tens of millions of dollars every year. Tom Cruise had already informally assumed the throne in the 1990s after the unfortunate death of the octogenarian quack upon whose space-ramblings the religion's dogma was built. John Travolta (in terms of a viable religion the "St. Paul" to Cruise's "St. Peter") expressed much sadness at being passed-over for the position, especially after having offered up his own career in sacrifice to his God when he financed and starred in *Battlefield Earth*. Cruise has been in contact through his lawyers with the township of Malibu and seeks to secede his entire \$30 million dollar beachfront compound from US jurisdiction so that it can be declared his own Papal state. Asked to comment, Cruise had only to say, "Ha-haaa, show me the mo-neyyy, wheeeee!"



Dr. Mario
Not a real scientist...or doctor

Undercover Commie Project

Introduction

The University of Toronto is well-known for its prestigious Political Science program, operating from the Munk Centre, which has directly influenced and inspired in one way or another some of the most outstanding communists of our time. Behind this tradition of excellence stand great professors, many of whom make frequent TVO appearances at 4 am, discussing various issues of public concern with fellow academics to an audience who spent the entire night smoking so much pot they think that some of these old bags are actually hot.

But what are they really teaching our children at U of T's political science program? Could this program be tainting our future generations of politicians and government administrators with liberal bias? The Toike's Politics Expert (not associated with the Science Expert) hit the Junior Common Room in University College undercover as a common junior to find out exactly what liberalism is doing to our children!

Just moments after finding a comfy red couch all to myself, a group consisting of two girls and one boy sat on the couch next to me and began talking politics. The bait had been taken. As I later discovered, the boy was actually a third year political science student at U of T. (I know eavesdropping is unprofessional journalism, but I assure you that the methodology used is purely scientific.) Here is what he had to say in an attempt to impress the girls, based on what he learned from class. These are actual quotes taken from that conver-

sation.

Part 1: Inquiry into Globalization

"Look at China, all right? They're gonna get together with, like, all the Muslim countries and it would pose a threat to the world."

"I don't think India is gonna be a problem."

"Iran is gonna join because there are a lot of Sikhs and shit."

"I don't think we should worry; there are enough spies to stop

that from happening."

"I'm not saying for sure that a war is gonna happen, but I wouldn't be surprised if it did."

"Everything depends on how Iran deals with the weapons issue."

"The thing is, I don't know when it's gonna happen."

Part 2: Inquiry into Economics

"Communism is good in theory. In practice, it's just bad."

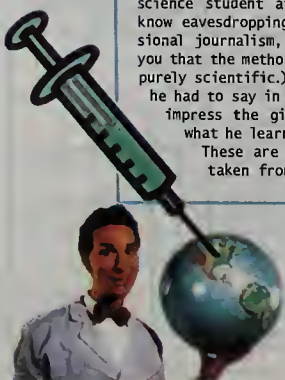
"The way it works is people pay money into the system and the system has to pay money out. I

mean, it sets a bar or something."

"I work for minimum wage, and it's not fun. They still haven't given me a raise. I just do what they want me to do, but that's not good enough."

"I'm not saying I agree with it, but I don't think that socialism should just be shrugged off."

Conclusion
World War III in 077.



Clueless Hippie Takes Organic Chemistry, Blows Up Lab

3rd-year equity studies student Jon Hirvonen, well known to friends and neighbours as "the stinking hippie" enrolled in the introductory organic chemistry course, CHM138, solely because of the word "organic" in the course's name. "Well, man, you know how we should, like, always be in tune in nature, man, and respect the earth, and be all, like, not eating what the big corporations make us eat, man, so we should all be organic, and eat organic food and drink organic water and breathe organic air, so I thought, well, I thought why shouldn't our chemistry be organic too?" It should be pointed out that at the time of this interview, Hirvonen reeked strongly of cannabis. "So, like when I got down to the lab, there were all these beakers and shit, man, just like the toothpaste commercials, and there was this one thing that was really sweet man, it smelled so nice, I was actually getting a nice buzz out of it, so I thought I'd put some in my bong, you know, see how it works out. Well, dude, you can look at my face and see it

doesn't work out that good".

What Hirvonen was getting a "nice buzz" from was ethoxyethane, a solvent and historical anaesthetic commonly known as ether. Apparently Jon actually brought a small bong to the chemistry lab, added the ether to it, and lit it with a Bunsen burner. The resulting explosion, while not very large in magnitude, was sufficient to severely singe Hirvonen's face, and caused much shock in the rest of the students in the lab, causing many to drop their own ether containers. The spreading ether then knocked out several of the students, necessitating emergency aid and the arrival of paramedics. Hirvonen has been suspended from the university, and criminal charges will likely be laid. He seems unconcerned about this though. When asked about the lawsuit, "Man, I could really go for some Oreos right now" was his only reply.

Science Facts

- * The toughest substance in the universe is Mr. T. All efforts to split the T have failed and have been thrown through windows.
- * The increase in waste energy, known as entropy, will eventually lead to the death of the universe. The entropy of the universe doubles with every series of Canadian Idol.
- * Quantum mechanics is entirely fictitious. Every time a scientist works this out, they are given a Nobel Prize to keep quiet about it and invent another ten pages of impenetrable math to hide the fact.
- * The first recorded scientist was Ug, who investigated the relative speeds of a human and a saber-tooth tiger. His results are lost in the mists of time, but are believed to have included gurgled screaming.
- * Having sex in space is a team effort. The two astronauts going at it need a third to act as anchor for one of them. (The Russians discovered this one. American astronauts just masturbate.)
- * Scientists predict that due to the imperfection of the earth's rotation, in 10 000 years the axis at the north pole will point to a newly formed constellation that will resemble an asshole.
- * Lions can do "it" 20 times a day. Research on how to beat their record is underway.

Gravity Blunder...

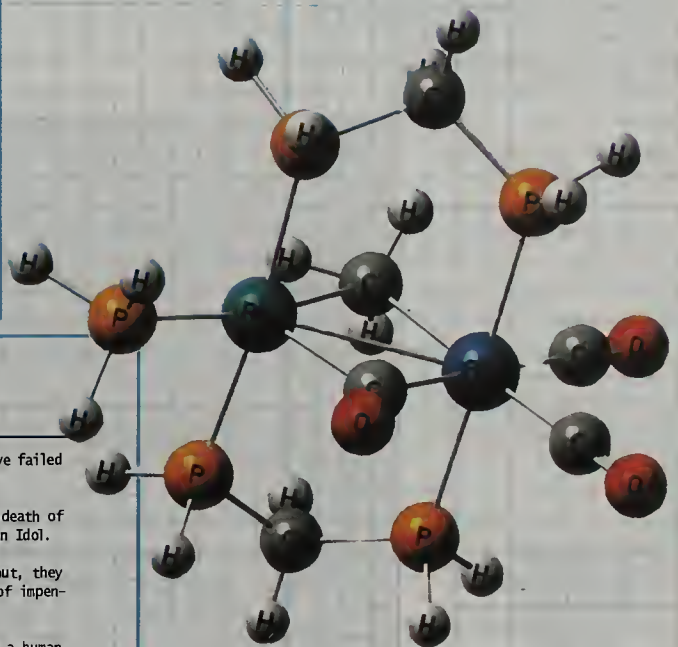
Who was it that decided we blindly followed the teachings of some dead guy with an apple fetish? That's the question on the minds of scientists at Norris Elementary School, who have recently discovered that gravity is not a force, but rather a guy named "Earl." Earl, has been plaguing mankind for centuries, pulling down plumbers pants at all the wrong times, or giving old people that trademark scowl. The scientists are currently working on a deal with Earl, whereby the gravity around any one of the scientists will increase ten-fold in proximity of an attractive member of the opposite sex. Other scientists have been attempting to strike a similar deal with Earl.

Others in the science field are appalled at the actions of these pioneers, and insist on following the age-old tradition of "Don't conform, use Chloroform."

Study on Newspaper Ink

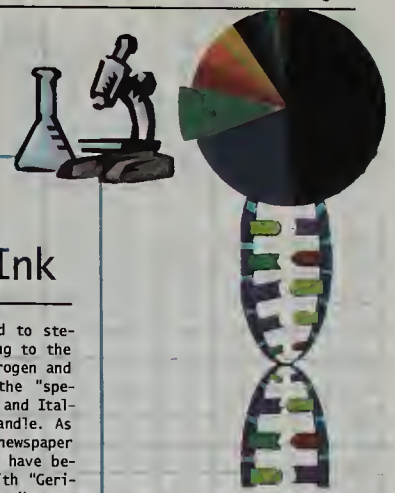
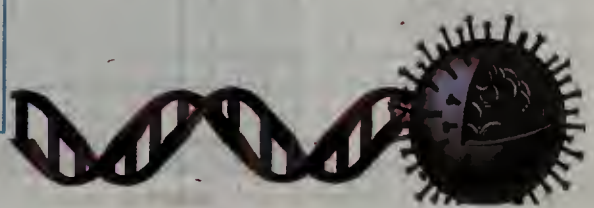
Newspaper ink has been linked to sterility and impotence. According to the findings, the ink hinders estrogen and testosterone circulation to the "special areas" that only doctors and Italian tailors are allowed to handle. As a measure of damage-control, newspaper distributors across the globe have begun lacing their paper ink with "Geriatric Brand" Viagra. The distributors expect big, firm results.

In related news, Statistics Canada has concluded that the homeless are the most viral members of society.



The Asian flu revealed

This feared and sometimes tipsy version of influenza has been poked and prodded over recent years by scientists worldwide. The final result of these tests is that the asian flu, is in fact a tiny Chinese female. In retrospect, scientists should have recognized the signs, when last year the asian flu was caught shoplifting baby oil, and a Yanni CD.



NEWS BRIEFS

REJECTED COSMOPOLITAN SEX TIPS



MAN ALLOWED RELATIONSHIP WITH HOT DOG VENDOR TO GET OUT OF HAND

It started with mild flirting but became uncontrollable. "I was smiling. Being extra polite. Wiping up relish spills with a napkin," says 24 year-old Jake Peters. "She started giving me a discount—50 cents off the hot dog/pop combo—so I amped up the charm. I was just trying to be nice. It gets cold in winter."

But the hot dog vendor, Mrs. Juanita Marcos, thought there might be something else going on. On the night of February 23rd, Mrs. Marcos sold the hot dog business.

"I saw her sitting on the bench near to where her stand used to be wearing her 'Hot Dogging It' t-shirt," Peters recounts, "so I went up to talk to her."

It was then that Peters realized that she wanted to see another type of hot dog. "She wanted me naked. Normally, I'm up for random sex, but the hot dog lady? The guys would have had a field day. She handles wieners bigger than mine every day. I can't handle that kind of pressure."

Mrs. Marcos apparently fled the scene and is on the run. The Hot Dog Vendor Union of Canada is considering more severe action by revoking her barbecue license. She was last seen driving the "Hot Dog Mobile" and wearing her trademark paper hat.

ROGERS EXPANDS ROGERS ON DEMAND

TORONTO - Rogers Communications ever-growing lust to build an imperious monopoly over Canadians announced today details about their upcoming second-generation Rogers On Demand service.

"It funny how it came to us," said an unapologetic Ted Rogers, "(The board and) I sat in my arboretum, just beneath my own small ten feet gold statue of myself wondering just how to expand the service beyond just movies. Then it hit us. Not everyone likes to just watch movies."

According to their news release, Rogers On Demand will now include services from drugs, gambling and prostitution.

"We simply could not believe we had neglected such an obvious market before. It might be a low denominator clientele, but we are talking hundreds of millions here," added Andrew Corripio head of Rogers's global marketing.

"You will find our prices to be very competitive," Corripio added. "Not only is there the extra advantage of bundling Rogers On Demand with any of our other telephony or cable services, trust me, you will definitely see some real savings on your monthly bill. We are very excited about our prospects."

After being asked about the fact this initiative might be considered illegal by both local and federal authorities, Mr. Rogers added: "I have never given a fuck about what they thought in the past, I see no reason why I should care now."

NEWS BRIEFS NOW LONGER THAN EVER

Seriously, what the fuck?

Cosmopolitan magazine, as a diverse publication offering insight and analysis into the contemporary role of women in western culture, publishes a monthly compendium of *Sex Tips from Guys* aiming to give its readers a one-up in the sack.

Now, this sets off some warning bells. What kind of a male readership would a magazine like Cosmo have? And what kind of submissions do the editors hope to obtain from these individuals?

Further inspection fully justifies these concerns: most of the suggestions are unworthy of quadrupeds, let alone civilized life. But I think a more startling account of human sexual ingenuity must be the tips that are turned down for such an illustrious publication. In this article, I offer a stab at some of the ideas rejected by the Cosmo sex tips department. Restraining order guaranteed!

Buy a pound of piranhas from the local exotic pet store, and fill up the bath tub with them. While we're getting down and dirty in the bath, I like to think of the

carnivorous fish as a thousand tiny kisses all over my body. When I wake up and discover half my abdomen is missing, I'll positively pass out!

- Davey Cross, 56

Risk is sexy. I love going down during exams, tutorials, and other inappropriate academic environments. Losing your education and career prospects is just so kinky.

- Eric Dunno, 23

Tell me what you're wearing. No, wait! Don't. It's better this way...

- John Seaman, 14

I love it when you read up on Einstein and Steven Hawking. It's so erotic when you initiate a loop-hole in the space-time continuum, and we can thrust back and forth through time. It's even more exciting when you do it by yourself; I love seeing you come again and again, and again.

- Terry Cole, 98

Tie me up with whatever's lying around, and tease me until I can't take it anymore. Then leave me tied up in solitary confinement until I can't take that anymore. Then read me the Toronto Sun until I can't take that anymore. I've been a naughty boy, and sex is so much more "other-worldly" when you're a delusional paranoid schizophrenic.

- Roger Goh, 18

Invite over the guy you've been banging while I'm at work, and screw him on the table. It's even hotter if you don't know I'm hiding under the bed watching you. Then introduce him to the space underneath the mattress. It's so satisfying to make the acquaintance by beating his brains out.

- Gary McFall, 30

Invite over the girl you've been banging while I'm at work. That's hot.

- Steve Carey, 21

Spread Cheerios all over the bed sheets. I like to think of the

whole-wheat "O's" as reminders of what we should be having. It's so erotic when breakfast cereal is more sexually aroused than us.

- Evan Jay, 72

Try mixing role-play with props. My favourite is when I play myself, and you play Cupid. Shoot me with your arrow of love! Sex is so much more intense when you're about to flat-line from blood loss!

- Doug Chan, 41

There you have it, folks. With these tips in mind, it's important to remember that mindless sex literature is everywhere in mainstream publications. Current projects I'm investigating are "Around the Whore-Id in 80 days" and "Great Sexpectations."

- Evan Jones

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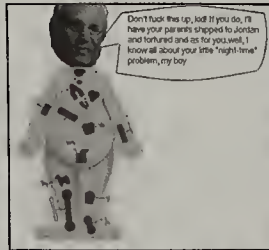
THE PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE PARKER BROS. PRESENT

TOIKE'S NEW BOARD GAMES!

Tired of whooping your grandma's ass at Connect-4? Has your eight-year-old sister plateau-ed at Parcheesi? Have you yourself tired of the challenge of arranging naval ships at random patterns on a plastic grid? Well, get set for some new games that reflect the new sick and twisted world we live in here in the 21st century. Now even the gimp in your basement is gonna want in on family-game night in the parlour! Yee-ha!

Dick Cheney Operation

VP Cheney's Achilles-heel has always been his 6 morning crullers without which he can't start the day. OPEC, George Dubya, and rich-guys-destined-for-hell all around the world now turn to you to save him! Can you put Satan's right-hand man back together again? Real-life Cheney comes complete with obscure/missing genitalia! (Foreign Market Version: the object of the game: players race to kill Cheney in the least amount of time)



*Also Coming-Soon from the makers of Dick Cheney Operation comes Halibuton Monopoly! Be the first to buy up all the US military contracts and fleece the government for all it's worth! Utilities include 4 different Arab oil firms. Chance cards include such ups and downs as "OPEC donates to your slush fund. Collect \$1 million," and "Senate oversight committee: pay \$500,000 in bribes." Board-pieces include a money sack, an "SDI" space-born missile satellite, an under-armoured Humvee, a 1974 Eldorado convertible with cattle-horn grill, and a solid-gold ten-gallon hat.

Battleship: The Battle of Tuna Bay

In this updated version of the classic naval-strategy game, two players now face off as the Canadian Navy versus a single Spanish fishing trawler. The object of the game: the wily Spaniard must harvest all the remaining, depleted fish stocks of Atlantic Canada on the board before the other player's ships of the Canadian Navy spot him, administer seven oral warnings, consult Ottawa, and sink him. Both

players draw from Chance cards that make their voyages a little less certain, cards include: "Your submarines are used British lemons: all sink," and "Your Captain has syphilis: do not move this turn." You'll love the action and adventure of modern politico-economic combat on the high-seas!

Ebonics Scrabble

Let's face it: kids today just ain't right. And to reflect that fact comes a Scrabble that corresponds with youth culture's preoccupation with the speech patterns of American poverty-blighted inner cities. The rules of the game are largely unchanged; however, words ending in "-er" now require an "-ah" ending. Likewise, words that end in "-sk" require only the "x" piece to complete their construction. Extra word scores can be achieved through the addition to any word of multiple exclamation points, of which there are 47 pieces in the game. Hip-hop's word inventions are immediately playable upon release of an album, except those explicitly invented by Fergie.

Clue: Special Victims Unit

The days of some old British Professor being off-ed with a foppish little dagger in the library passed with the 19th century. Teach your kids to be inquisitive with situations more fitting to the 21st century. Clue: SVU offers characters, weapons, and settings straight out of the evening news! Was it Mr. Green who violated and left for dead Miss Scarlet the hooker with a candlestick in the media room? Or was it Colonel Mustard who asphyxiated Professor Plum the metrosexual with his own pants in the back of the Camaro? Be the first to identify the culprit for grisly sex-crimes so sick and depraved that we even included a barf bag! Recommended for ages 6 - 14.

- James Nairne

REJECTED ATRIUM IDEAS

1. Open air street market
2. Bottomless pit with pie at the bottom. The farther you fall, the closer to pie you become, but you can never reach pie.
3. Staircases, lots of staircases
4. A giant still
5. An even bigger stein
6. A beerquarium...without any fish.
7. Monkey combat arena
8. Monkey emergency medical clinic

Say NO to intolerance



Lactose Intolerance

Fact: Lactose intolerance makes good overpaying union jobs disappear and hurts cows' feelings.

Brought to you by YOUR Students' Administrative Council
"Because we always need something to be against."

Word on the Street

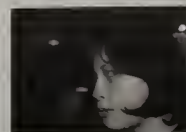
It seems like there's always something out there ready to kill us. Whether it's Avian Influenza, SARS, West Nile or Yellow Fever, something's gonna getcha. And it's gonna getcha good. So we thought we'd ask around and see how you feel about the sudden onslaught of death.



"Yeah I had Yellow Fever once. Never again, man. Never again."



"I'm already dead. Inside."



"Death took my aunt and I want revenge!! There's going to be a showdown at the AC next Thursday. You should come check it out. Admission is \$ bucks for everyone, and 3 for students."



"I'm not worried. God and I have a deal. I don't kill any more centipedes and He won't kill me for another 14.79 years."



"This is all some sort of media ploy to get us scared and buying greeting cards. Or something. Don't think I'm not on to you..."

"You know how those Asian chicks get you? By being small and shit. Cause they know you like that. Then they ask you to get them something from shelves cause they can't reach. But how hard is it to get a chair, huh? HOW HARD?"



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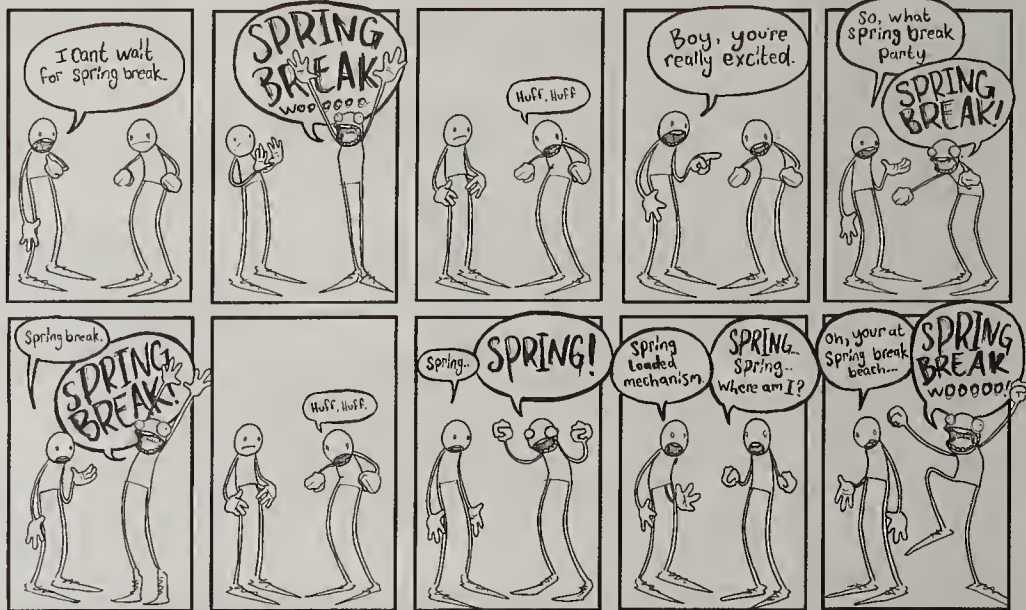
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ASSIFIEDS

MERCH FOR SALE

AVIAN FLU. I think Mei has it, but all the other writers are too scared to tell her. Egor, 555-439B.

THE SCREAM by Edvard Munch. Slightly stolen. Meet me behind Sidney Smith after dark. Afaniasis Artstealopoulos, 416-555-4589.

EMO. Might be cut and whiny. Store in a cool dark place away from sharp objects. Marie, 416-555-1297.

GASOLINE. Comes with free lube, you'll see why after the fill-up. Petro-Canada, 416-555-4652.

GARGOYLE SELTZER. Change your friends into rock-hard creatures of the night. Aaron, 415-555-6423.

PENIS. After Chernobyl, it... fall... off. Dasha, 416-555-5869.

UPSKIRT photos, 20 albums. My looks and reputation disguise the true intentions. Curious George, 416-555-2689.

VW CAMPER VAN. Painted psychedelic; runs on hemp; works great for bot hippie orgies and EngSoc meetings. Any acid found under the seats is mine, you fuckin' square. Anita Bonghitt, 416-555-76B4

SENTIENT lab coat found in Wallberg building. May have Tourette's syndrome, or is just plain mean. Herpes not included. Bill Nye, 416-558-8975

BOX (14"x17"x12"). You can trade it all for what's in the box! The box! The box! No refunds. Call the Man with no

name (but answers to Phil), (555)-543-0439

HELP WANTED

LEADERS OF TOMORROW. Must have exp. in lying on back and taking shots in the face. BYO kneepads. It's gonna get rough. CHEM Dpt. 416-978-3063.

CRANE OPERATOR. Michael Moore can't film his documentary on fast food in Iraq if his ass is stuck in the jacuzzi. Jeffery, 416-555-5932.

CABANA BOY. Sensual latin youth needed to remind elderly lady of her hey-day in the Carribean. Call Martha, (555)-542-3240

BOOBIES. Needed to make me feel like a man. Must be larger than my own. Chris Farley's ghost, 967-1111.

CYCLOPS. Just kidding, no one wants a cyclops. He only has one eye!!!! Mike, Rm B08.

NEW ASSIFIEDS WRITER. Old one's got mafia troubles, unreliable. Mei, 416-555-7861.

MERCH WANTED

ALABAMA PORNOGRAPHY. The South shall come again. Enus, 416-GNRL-LEE.

NEW FUTURAMA SEASONS to "borrow" one-liners from. Without you, the classifieds are so much harder to do. Nick, 416-555-1342.

STUNNING CUNTS performed by a dyslexic magician! The kids will love it. Assclown, 555-4390.

CONJUGAL VISITS. Fuck, I'm a free man and I haven't had a conjugal visit in six months! Michael Bolton, 416-555-4328 ext. 3750

FOUR INCH exhaust tip for late-model Honda. The Fast and the Furious said diameter matches owner's length... oh wait... Gary 416-555-1239.

HAND CLEANSER: Out damned spot! Out I say! Will these hands ne'er be clean? Next time I will make my husband clean up after the dog. Call Lady MacBeth, (555)-604-3924

GOOD SODOMY. I'm sick of all this lolly-gagging sodomy. Clench up, old chum! Deano, 555-9871

COMICS

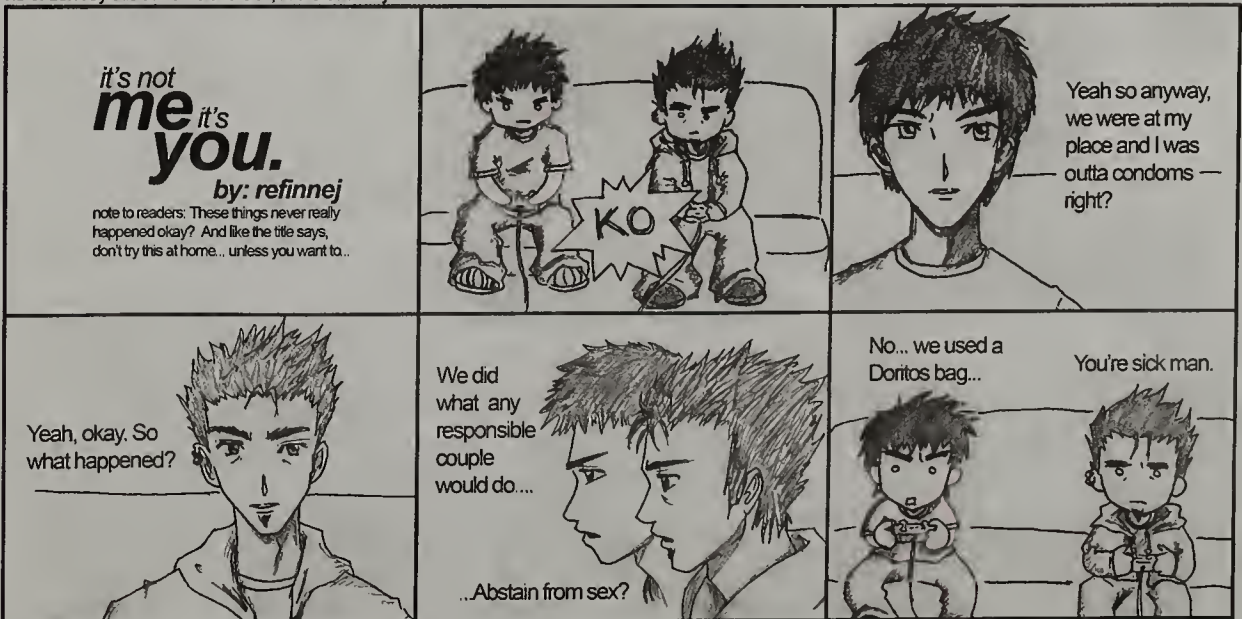
ROBARTOPIA

By Cam Yates and Eddy Abraham

With Special Guest Star: You!



no 6. don't try this at home aka sick, in the bad way



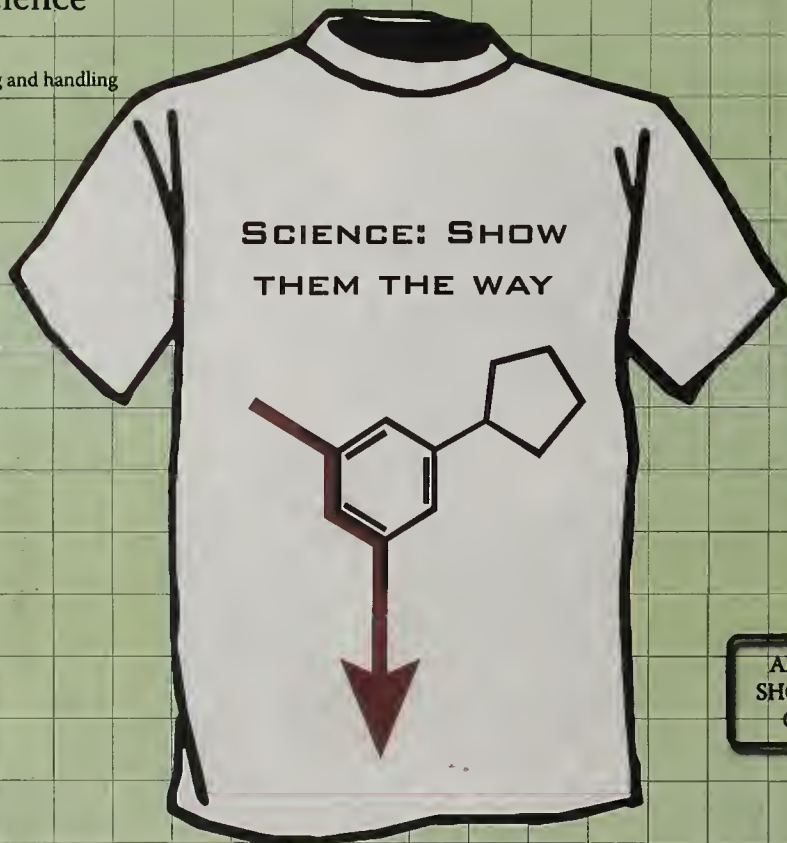
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